

Exciting Battles Between Colleges

CANTWELL'S TWISTS ARE VALE'S UNDOING

Crack Local Collegian Holds New Haven Team to Three Stingy Hits.

Coach O'Hara's Men Show Great Improvement in Fielding and Batting.

Yale Ties Score in Seventh, But West Enders Again Forge Ahead.

In a battle royal between pitchers, in which Tommy Cantwell had all the advantage, Georgetown and its followers wild with delight at Georgetown field yesterday by defeating Yale, 2 to 1.

The game was in direct contrast to the slugging matches and error fests in attendance showed their appreciation by lusting cheering at every opportunity. Throughout the entire nine innings the final outcome of the game was in doubt, and Georgetown finally won because it played better ball.

The home team played one of the strongest games seen this season on a local diamond. The fielding, with one exception, was perfect. With the awful drubbing received at the hands of the Princeton team last Saturday still fresh in his mind, Cantwell opened the game with a determination to do or die. The first three balls he pitched were wild, but he immediately took a fresh grip on himself, and the next three were as perfect as the first. He was elusive. The Yale men have been hitting the ball hard ever since the beginning of their Southern trip, but in Cantwell they found a Tartar. Three little hits were the best they could do, and during the first five innings but fifteen runs went to the bat.

Meyer, the elongated slaban, allowed but eight hits, and for the most part kept them well scattered. In the second inning, however, he was found by Courtney who lined one out over short for a single, stole second, went to third on Ted Jones' wild throw to head him off at that sack, and came home a moment later when Maloney boosted one over second.

During the five innings following, both sides were reticent. In the sixth, however, the Yale men showed their prowess by scoring three runs. In the seventh, however, the fatal error by Schellor, which resulted in the tying up of the score, and the spectators began to figure on extra innings.

The Yale ballroom of hope was promptly and finally punctured in Georgetown's half, however, by Sam Simon, who singled and completed his circuit of the bases as a result of a series of fumbles, and wild throws by Camp, who, in his efforts to catch the runner, finally slammed the ball over third into the bleachers.

Although the local team played a game almost above criticism, the stance of stupid base running, combined with the heavy arm of Ted Jones undoubtedly robbed the Blue and Gray another tally. In the fourth inning, Simon, the first man up, patted out a single only to foolishly attempt a steal on the first fall pitched to Eyrnes. Kinney was waiting to tag him with a perfect throw. Jones, Eyrnes got another single, and was caught quite as easily. Here was the unusual occurrence of two men having been out twice in the same game, and yet two out, without a man on base. Then Courtney stepped to the plate, waited for four balls, and walked, only to go out by the same route.

The game was almost entirely devoid of plays of a sensational order, the nearest approach being that made by Meyer in the seventh, when he pulled down a screamer from Courtney's bat that had all the earmarks of a double. Clifford, in center field also received a well-earned round of applause, when, after a long, hard run, he scooped up a fly barely a foot from the ground.

Georgetown was robbed of any chance to distinguish itself in the field by Cantwell, who struck out nine men and forced two to bluff off little grounders and pop flies that were well taken care of by the infield. The score:

Georgetown	AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Devlin, 2b	4	0	0	0	0
Schellor, ss	4	0	0	0	0
Smith, 3b	3	1	0	0	0
Simon, cf	3	2	0	0	0
Eyrnes, 1b	3	1	0	0	0
Courtney, rf	2	1	1	0	0
Dugan, lf	3	1	0	0	0
Maloney, c	3	1	0	0	0
Cantwell, p	3	1	1	0	0
Totals	28	8	27	16	1

Yale	AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.
T. Jones, c	3	0	3	4	1
Clifford, cf	3	0	0	0	0
Kinney, ss	4	1	1	2	1
Chapin, rf	3	0	0	0	0
Madden, lf	3	0	2	0	0
H. Jones, 1b	3	0	7	0	0
Church, 3b	3	2	0	1	0
Meyer, p	2	0	1	1	0
Totals	29	3	24	10	4

Georgetown.....0 1 0 0 0 1 0 4-2
Yale.....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0-1
Runs scored—Simon, Courtney, Kinney. First base by error—Yale. Left on bases—Georgetown, 3; Yale, 3. First base on balls—Off Meyer, 1. Struck out—By Cantwell, 9; by Meyer, 2. Two-base hit—Simon. Sacrifice hit—Smith. Stolen bases—Courtney, Kinney, Church (2). Hit by pitcher—By Cantwell, 1. Umpire—Mr. Betts. Time of game—1 hour 20 minutes.

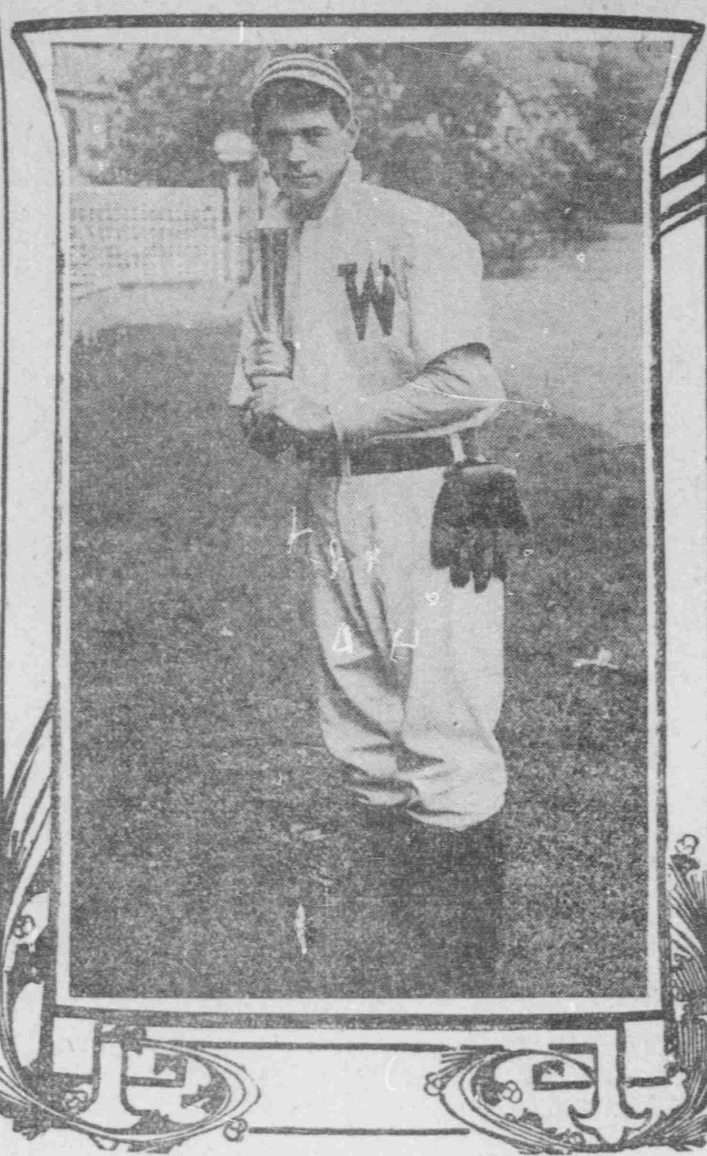
ORATORIO AT FALL SCHURCH.
The oratorio, "Christ and His Soldiers," will be given by an excellent trained chorus at the historic Colonial Episcopal Church in Falls Church, Va., tonight. The oratorio begins at 8:15 o'clock.

A handsome Colonial chancel, which has recently been placed in the church, will add much to the attractiveness of the occasion. Admission will be free. A collection will be taken up during the evening.

AMBASSADOR BRYCE TO SPEAK.
The annual banquet and reception in connection with the Presbyterian Alliance will be held in the parlors of the New York Avenue Church next Monday evening. The principal speaker will be the Right Hon. James Bryce, of the British embassy, who has promised the local committee in charge, to deliver an address at that time.

Brief addresses will be made also by the Rev. George Bailey, D. D., of the Western Church, and Walter B. Cleghane, esq., of the Washington bar.

PITCHED WINNING GAME



LONG TOM HUGHES, Who Was Recently Reinstated and Has Promised to Be Good. He Is Doing High-Class Work at Present.

BIDS FOR GANS-NELSON BOUT ARE COMING FAST

Highest So Far Is That of Jack Gleason, Who Offers \$40,000 for the Contest—A Few Slaps at One Billy Nolan.

By W. W. NAUGHTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—In San Francisco just at present the bone of contention is the Gans-Nelson fight and from the offers made thus far one might think that the pugilist event is a more promising investment than a gold mine that has proved its worth.

Tex Rickard bid \$30,000 for the match with the idea of having it at Ely, Nev. Eddie Graney thought it was a shame to see such a promising venture and such a splendid spectacle get away from San Francisco, and he raised to \$35,000. Along came Billy Roche, formerly of Cherry Hill and now a full blown native son, who decided that the bout was worth all of \$37,000, and who placed \$5,000 in the writer's hands to sweeten his bid. Roche thinks that the green fields of Colma would be the best setting for the high weight championship event, and he purposes making an open-air affair of it on the afternoon of the 14th of July, if the match comes his way. Roche was called by Jack Gleason, the baseball man, who offered \$40,000 for the contest.

Rickard Now Out of It.

When other offers began to roll in Rickard let it be known that he had named his limit; that his first bid was his last. This leaves the field to Graney, Roche, and Gleason. Whether they will flourish their checkbooks and continue to bid furiously against each other remains to be seen.

Until there is a reasonable prospect of the fighters agreeing upon the terms of a second contest all this bidding may be regarded as so much by-play. True, the only question at issue just now—thanks to Gans' fighting method of conceding point after point—is one of weight, but it is in such shape that there is small chance of an agreement.

Two of the men who have made bids for the contest—Rickard and Roche—have let it be known that they will not do business with Billy Nolan. They say that if Nolan cares to entertain their offers he must employ another manager, at any rate for the time being, and that the Dane will refuse to depose his manager at the suggestion of the match makers.

Nolan Needs Taming.
It might not be amiss, however, for the Battler to advise Nolan to tame his stubborn pride a wee bit. Nolan is too fond of exclaiming, "What I say I mean," without stopping to consider whether what he says is fair and reasonable. Through making inordinate demands and refusing to be stung, he has earned the sobriquet of "Stonewall" Nolan, and has made himself the most unpopular man in the Queensberry ring.

As already said, the present point in dispute between Nolan and Gleason, who is in charge of the Joe Gans bureau on the Pacific coast, is the weight. It is point on which the public is deeply interested, and a matter in which the public has rights. Nolan insists that Gans make 125 pounds at the ringside in full fighting regalia. If Gans agrees to such terms the fight will be either a farce or a tragedy. The latter, however, would not be worth 37 cents, let alone \$37,000.

It won't do to say that Gans made the weight at Goldfield. He did it in desperation and he didn't know he would be forced to weight in ring rig until a few days before the fight. He was as lean as a desert coyote when he stalked from his corner clad in his paper slippers and his China silk clout and he has always thought that the battle to him best that September afternoon was the fact that Nolan was also weak at that weight. We all saw the bottle of beef tea that the Battler partook of so hungrily when he stepped from the scales just before the contest began, and I have always thought that Nelson through the whole of the Gold-

field campaign buoyed himself up with the argument, "I'll be weak, but he'll be in a worse pickle still."

Will Gans Again Be Caught?
After the fight Gans said: "They'll never catch me in a trap like that again." In the face of this if Joe begins to act as if he might be induced to knock under to Nelson's sublimity, I, for one, would be interested to know what any sane, sincere promoter considered the "attraction" worth.

We don't hear a word about a Jimmy Brit-Joe Gans battle now. The very latest from one on the inside is that Brit, if he cannot get Nelson, will keep out of the swirl of the ring game for an entire year.

"Poor Jack Palmer." It is a far cry from Longacre to Los Angeles and an awful distance to come for a trouncing. What's puzzling some of us is to know what the English lad is traveling on. No matter how big they may talk, most latter day fighters know just about where they fit into the scheme pugilistic and it certainly looks as if Palmer must have had some inkling in regard to his own class, or lack of it rather. Well, it disposes of Palmer and it causes the spot light to dance around and twine Jack's bald pate like the St. Elmo glare around the truck of a storm-tossed ship. And it seems to create a desire for a Mike Sheck-Glenn-Moir event, if we can only entice the gunner across the pond.

CANTILLON BACK WITH NATIONALS
Refuses Statement on 'Jake' Stahl Joining Boston Nationals.

By THOMAS S. RICE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 3.—Manager Cantillon rejoined the Washington team here this morning, after having been to Chicago to vote for Busse, who he is one of the strongest supporters of the Chicago City Baseball League and the greatest rooster in the Windy City. Cantillon refused to make any statement about Jake Stahl succeeding Chick Stahl in the management of the Boston Americans. He only said that he did not see Jake Stahl, President Taylor, of the Boston club, while away from the Washington bunch. He then remarked, "Jake Stahl is the same as Chick to me."

There is a very decided impression among the Washington players that Stahl will go to Boston as the result of a trade. The man considered most likely to join the Capitalites in such a event is Freddy Parent.

Cross does not expect to play today against Indianapolis, as he is having a tough of stomach trouble. Hickman may play, in which case the best line-up will be changed, but the line-up will not be definitely settled until the bell rings.

The weather here is chilly, but much better than in Springfield.

HARVARD CLUB'S SMOKER.
Some two dozen members of the Harvard Club enjoyed the monthly smoker and social meeting of the club at the University Club last night. The meeting was entirely informal, and without any set program of entertainment, the only feature of the evening being an address by Prof. George Henning, of the University of Washington. The speaker gave an interesting talk on the history of the French language. Frank H. Hackett, president of the club, presided at the meeting.

WEAK STICK WORK

Errors Are Also Costly and Penn. Has Little Trouble Winning.

The edge of the George Washington University baseball hatchet was once more dented and dulled at Van Ness Park yesterday by the team from the University of Pennsylvania, who, in a one-sided and uninteresting contest of seven innings administered a crushing defeat of 13 to 3.

For the Philadelphia team the game was no game at all. Almost at will they knocked the ball into safe territory for one or more bases, and in case the ball failed to roll safe it made little difference. The local men seemed unable to field even the easiest of chances, and at the close of the game had ten misplays charged up against them. The wearers of the Buff and Blue were also hopelessly incompetent at the bat, and made but three hits.

Senior Stars for George Washington.

The one bright spot in the otherwise darkened George Washington sky was the playing of Senior, in center field. The former high school star fielded his three difficult chances in perfect style.

For the visitors, Brady, who was on the rubber, was such an insoluble puzzle that his team mates had an easy time in the field. Yesterday was the first game that the Red and Black twirlers had pitched for two years, but his work seemed to have suffered none for that. Thirteen of the batsmen who faced him whiffed diffidently and vainly at his delivery, and then went back to the bench to think it over.

Carr, who served 'em up for the Hatchetties, started off fairly well, but soon let down. Those who failed either to get hits or to profit by an error, were generously presented with a base on balls.

The local team scored its first run in the fifth inning when Senior was struck by Brady, stole second, and tallied on Garrison's error of Orrison's grounder. The last two runs scored by the home team were made in the sixth, inning by Doyle and Hester, who crossed the home pan as a result of a hit, an error, and a fielder's choice.

Thomas Plays Good Game.

What fielding honors there were, were carried off by Chick Thomas, a former Washington Central High boy, now in his sophomore year at the Philadelphia institution. In addition to making two hits, one of them a two bagger, he fielded his position at third in masterly style.

The Score.

U. of Penn.	A. B. H. O. A. E.
Henry, cf	5 1 0 0 0 0
Merrick, lf	5 1 2 0 0 0
Carter, 3b	2 0 1 1 1 1
Thomas, 2b	4 2 1 1 1 1
Judd, 1b	4 0 0 2 0 0
Takaki, rf	3 1 0 0 0 0
Garrison, ss	2 0 0 1 2 0
Corkran, ss	1 0 0 0 0 0
Powell, lb	3 0 4 0 0 0
Brady, p	5 0 0 0 2 1
Totals	38 10 21 7 4

G. W. U.	A. B. H. O. A. E.
Orrison, ss	4 0 1 1 2 0
Campbell, 3b	4 0 3 0 0 0
Doyle, lb	2 0 8 0 0 0
Hester, 2b	1 1 1 3 1 1
Stevens, c	2 0 0 0 0 0
Brennan, lf	0 0 0 0 0 0
Senior, cf	0 0 0 0 0 0
Scantling, rf	0 0 0 0 0 0
Carr, p	1 0 0 0 0 0
Totals	25 3 21 6 10

Georgetown.....0 1 0 0 0 1 0 4-2
Yale.....0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0-1
Runs scored—Simon, Courtney, Kinney. First base by error—Yale. Left on bases—Georgetown, 3; Yale, 3. First base on balls—Off Meyer, 1. Struck out—By Cantwell, 9; by Meyer, 2. Two-base hit—Simon. Sacrifice hit—Smith. Stolen bases—Courtney, Kinney, Church (2). Hit by pitcher—By Cantwell, 1. Umpire—Mr. Betts. Time of game—1 hour 20 minutes.

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Cortelyou April-Fooled The Newspaper Writers

Correspondents Thought He Intended to Turn Harriman Over and Fry Him on the Other Side, But —

How Secretary Cortelyou April-fooled the newspaper correspondents upon April 2 makes a humorous chapter to the otherwise sensational story of Roosevelt versus Harriman.

At 3:30 yesterday afternoon when the newspaper world was all agog with the excitement following President Roosevelt's skinning of Harriman, a telephone message was received from Mr. Cortelyou's office by every newspaper bureau in town. "The Secretary would like to have you send a man to see him at 4 o'clock," the summons declared.

"The Secretary is going to say something more about Harriman," cried all the newspaper men in a breath. "He will probably turn Harriman over and fry him on the other side," and forthwith the busy writers dropped everything, and rushed pell-mell to the Treasury Department. The Secretary's outer office was crowded with correspondents five minutes before the appointed hour. There were not half enough chairs to accommodate them. The Secretary was

locked in his rear office with his private secretary. The excited correspondents whispered to each other in tones of suppressed excitement. "He is dictating the stuff to Weaver right now."

Four o'clock came. The atmosphere fairly tingled with the waves of emotion. The Secretary stepped out looking as solemn as the tomb. He bore in his hands a bunch of papers. The correspondents leaped forward with outstretched hands, as the papers he had handed out gave the gasping correspondents some very interesting information about the re- turning of the bonds.

"But what about Harriman?" cried the correspondents with deep disgust.

"You may say that the Secretary, following his usual custom, has nothing to say," replied Mr. Cortelyou.

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